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THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA
UPON ITS LITERATURE

by

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University of California
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The Influence of the Climate of California upon its Literature.

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THE study of the literature of a people is far more than a mere investigation into words and the manner of their arrangement. Rightly conducted, it is a probing into the inner self of the man who used the words, an investigation into his thoughts, feelings, emotions, environment, social and political life, religion, aspiration. By its means, we are enabled to comprehend all that is meant by the "history" of a people, its "civilization," its real life.

In the present article I wish to consider the influence climate has had upon the literature of California, first, by its direct and indirect influence upon men, and second, as it offers men subjects and objects for discourse.

DIRECT AND INDIRECT INFLUENCES UPON MEN.

Shuford
To all students of the history of mankind, it has become axiomatic that climate has a wonderful influence upon man's physical, mental and spiritual development. It may safely be affirmed, broadly, that the great men and women of all ages have been born and reared and have come to maturity in the temperate zone. From the earliest dawn of history we find the heroes, male and female, the warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, musicians, artists, authors, dramatists, scientists, are natives of the

warm, temperate, genial climates. While there are marked exceptions to this rule, it can not be denied that the great names that occur to the mind, as of those who have ruled the world of state-craft, art, letters and science, belong to Greece, Rome, Italy, Germany, the British Isles and similar temperate climates. The reason for this is clear. Where the struggle for mere existence is great, the major part of the physical energies are expended in protecting and providing for the body. If this expenditure of energy is kept within proper bounds, the struggle is beneficial; it produces health, vigor, abounding and radiating vitality. But where it is carried to the extent of exhaustion, or beyond the proper limit, it results in weakness, which retards the full development and expansion of the mind as well as the body.

Speaking of the lands on the North Sea, Taine says. "There is no living in these lands without abundance of solid food; bad weather keeps people at home; strong drinks are necessary to cheer them; the senses become blunted, the muscles are braced, the will vigorous. Lands of fog and mist, of marsh and fen, where moisture pervades everything; even in summer, the mist arises; even on clear days you perceive it, fresh from the great sea-girdle, or rising from vast but ever slushy meadows, undulating

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with hill and dale, intersected with hedges to the limit of the horizon, they are not lands to nurture a vivacious, jocund population. Here is no kindly nature, no smiling mother, to bring forth buoyant, happy, rollicking children. Strong, vigorous, they may be, but they will also be serious, sombre, even gloomy and morose, and were it not for the sunshine that often kisses away the mists and drives away the fog, lighting up hill and dale with flashes of burning splendor and glories of a dazzling beauty, the children born here would possess little joyousness of heart, little poetry, little of the soft and refining graces and influences that soften the asperities of life and render man's intercourse stimulating and pleasing."

Contrast these conditions with those that obtain in the land by the Pacific.

Mother Nature, as she features herself in California, is smiling, sun-kissed, flower-bosomed, kind, calm and serene, essentially endowed to become the mother of men. There is none of the stern hardship of the frozen North, the benumbing mugginess of the British Isles, the fierce heat of the desert countries, while she is ever varied, never monotonous, full of delights and surprises, a being of mystery and enchantment, she is seldom displeasing, harsh, or stern.

Her topography is so varied as to demand many pages to rightly present it. She is a topographical cosmos. Alpine peaks, that companion the stars, look down upon purple lakes quietly sleeping in the throat of extinct volcanoes; a thousand miles of shore, blue, rocky, wind and wave-carved, or sandy-beached, reach from San Diego to Eureka, a boundless ocean with a face of

pearl, in which islands of Summer swim in dreamy content, mark her western limit. Canyons with walls and towers, domes and points carved by glaciers into features of dominating majesty; vast wastes of barren desert where moving sand-mountains, mud-volcanoes, and hot-springs attract and fascinate as much as stately palm; weird smoke-tree and ghostly yucca; a hundred of her Sierra peaks, over a thousand feet high, cleave the blue expanse of sky, and scores of acres of her desert sink below the level of the sea; valleys, once inland ocean beds, are now covered with thousands of acres of golden grain, glinting and shimmering in the sunlight, or vividly green with ten thousand times ten thousand vines bearing their rich burdens of blue, amber, green, and purple globes of delicious refreshment. "Through mountain meadows, run swift brooks over-peopled with trout, while from the crags, leap full-throated streams, to be half blown away in mist before the touch of the valley floor. Far down the fragrant canyons, sing the great troubled rivers, twisting their way lower and lower to the common plains. Even the hopeless stretch of alkali and sand, sinks of lost streams in the south-eastern counties, are redeemed by the delectable mountains that on all sides shut them in. Everywhere the landscape seems to swim in crystalline ether, while over all broods the warm California sun."—*David Starr Jordan in "California and the Californians."*

In such an environment, with such a climatic mother, men and women of happy, buoyant natures should be born and nurtured. As Charles F. Lummis has quaintly said: "If Mother Nature

is, indeed, as we see her here, broad browed, broad bosomed, strong and calm—calm because strong—swaying her vain brats by unruffled love, not by fear; by wise giving not by privation; by caresses and gentle precepts, not by cuffs and scoldings and hysterics—why, then, she shall better justify our memories and the name we have given her. It is well that our New England mothers had a different climate in their hearts than that which beat at their windows.”

Elsewhere in the world, during a longer or shorter period of each year, man is the slave of climate. It is either too hot or too cold; too wet or too snowy, too misty or too blizzardy, to enable one to be natural. One is either forced indoors, there to be stifled by the artificial heat and imperfect ventilation, or compelled to fetter himself with an overcoat, muffler, arctics and wraps, so that freedom of movement is impossible. But here, almost every day in the year, one may enjoy being out of doors, more or less. California is essentially an out-of-door land. It is the paradise for the real nature liver and lover. Sleeping, eating, studying, reading, reciting, singing, may be done out of doors practically all throughout the year, as well as rowing, golfing, base-balling, unpleasant climatic features being of a mild order, as a rule, in most localities.

The effect this must have upon growing children is obvious. Dr. Jordan calmly asserts: “The children of California, other things being equal, are larger, stronger, better formed than their Eastern cousins of the same age, and Mr. Lummis backs this up by official statements showing that California college girls of the same age are larger

by almost every dimension than are the college girls of Massachusetts. They are taller, broader-shouldered, thicker-chested (with ten cubic inches more lung capacity), have larger biceps and calves, and a superiority of tested strength (aggregate of back, legs, arms, chest) as 716.2 is to 493.7, that is, nearly half as much again.”

If men and mothers of men are thus improved by climate, and the environment is such as to quicken the intellect, stimulate the imagination, fire the ambition and arouse the soul, what else is there needed to produce a race of literature-makers as well as artists, inventors, scientists and musicians? The imaginative scientists, or rather the scientist gifted with a largely imaginative mind, could find a wonderful field for investigation in the percentage of healthfulness added to the conditions of the life of the inhabitants of California, by the close proximity of ocean, plain, mountain and desert. The ocean is a vast laboratory for the purification of the noxious elements in the atmosphere swept away from the land. Investigation shows that the farther one is removed from shore into the boundless depths of ocean the less the number of harmful bacilli or disease germs, and the greater the number of health germs. The sun shining upon the ocean with its chemical elements, sea weeds, etc., releases healthful gases which kill the evil germs. This good work is increased by the friction of the winds, generating electricity and adding power to the health-giving ozone, bromine, chlorine, and saline of the sea. Bartlett in his “Breeze from the Woods” quaintly expresses the benefit that comes from breathing

in such air: "It is a good thing to pitch the tent hard by the sea shore once in a while. Salt is a preservative and there is a tonic in the smell of sea weed. Your best preserved men and women have been duly salted." The same work, in a different way, is accomplished by the mountain peaks. They act as electric conductors, disintegrating the atmosphere and releasing gases that destroy disease germs, and, at the same time, generate health germs, hence the higher one climbs into the mountains, the purer the air he takes into his lungs. If, in addition to this, the mountain slopes are the homes of trees that give out their balsamic and healing virtues, how much more is mountain air to be desired? And on the California mountains are pines, firs, balsams, redwoods, spruces, oaks, sycamores, alders, with a hundred shrubs, all of which yield to the distilling power of the sun, their subtle and health-giving virtues. The purity of the air of both mountain and ocean is well known and these are more than equaled by the pure air of the desert. Indeed, if anything, the desert air is the purest of all. As garbage in a furnace, so impurities are burned up and disappear in the fierce fires of the desert, the distillation of the balsams from the sages and other plants that thrive in some parts of the sandy wastes, fill the atmosphere with properties of incalculable health value. Here, then, is California, touched at three points with disease-destroying and actual health-giving conditions of atmosphere—varying, of course, somewhat, according to locality.

If, therefore, nature provides some method by which the atmospheric products of these three life-giving regions

can be poured over into the populous valleys and cities of the country, the healthfulness of the latter will be correspondingly increased. Such is the beneficent disposition of nature to California, that the very topography, the very relation of ocean to desert, mountain to plain, makes this interchange of healing airs ever operative. Without ceasing, day and night, a see-saw of air current flows over the peopled land; in the day from off the ocean, at night from the desert; cooled in its passage over the snowy summits of the mountains, or by contact with the depths of the great forests that line their slopes. In this flowing back and forth of health currents is one of the great secrets of the healthfulness of the California climate. They are all pure, all charged with vivifying elements and are drier than are found elsewhere on the American Continent. Various writers, notably T. S. Van Dyke, Dr. P. C. Redmondio, and Dr. J. P. Widney have written luminously upon this subject, and quotations worthy of being called *literature* might be introduced, did space allow.

CLIMATE AND FOOD.

The climate of California, as a potent and influential factor upon man's development, is further wonderfully shown in the food it provides for him. There fruit grows every day in the year. Even in our own small garden (two city lots) there is not a day in the year when fresh fruit cannot be gathered, and were one to attend to their planting, a supply of fresh vegetables might also be had. Oranges are on the trees, eatable from January to June; apples are raised in some parts of California, and these last from early fall until after the oranges

come, and the interim is filled with berries, peaches, plums, apricots, grapes, damsons, guavas, loquats, grape-fruit, almonds, walnuts, and figs. It needs no physician with learned phrase and mystifying verbiage to satisfy any man of sense that here is a saner diet than the heavy, three-times-a-day meat diet of the well-to-do people who live in a less kindly and generous climate.

The child, the youth, the man who lives on a healthful diet, conserves energy and power for expenditure on better things than billious attacks, stomach troubles, liver complaints, headaches, and intestinal degradations. And, while it does not always follow that where the better food is provided man necessarily lives upon it, there can be no question that where it is made alluring to the senses by beauty of form, color, texture, odor, flavor, and lusciousness, it will soon form a large part of the dietary of the majority of the people. Such is the case in California.

This plentiful growth of fruit is but one indication of the hospitality of the soil and climate to all agricultural and horticultural growths. California has long been known as the home of flowers and wonderful trees. The Sequoias are world-famed, as are its flower festivals. Botanists revel in the prodigality of wild growths. Here is an extract from Helen Hunt Jackson's *Glimpses of California*.

"These oak and sycamore-filled canyons are the most beautiful of the South California canyons, though the soft chaparral-walled canyons would, in some lights, press them hard for supremacy of place. Nobody will ever by pencil or brush, or pen fairly, render the beauty of

the mysterious, the undefined, undefinable chaparral. Matted, tangled, twisted, piled, tufted—everything is chaparral. All botany may be exhausted in describing it in one place and it will not avail for another. But in all places, and made up of whatever hundreds of shrubs it may be, it is the most exquisite carpet surface that nature has to show for mountain fronts or canyon sides. Not a color that it does not take, not a bloom that it cannot rival; a bank of cloud can not be softer or a bed of flowers more varied of hue. Some day, between 1900 and 2000, when South California is at leisure and has native artists, she will have an artist of canyons whose life and love and work will be spent in picturing them; the royal oak canopies, the herculean sycamores, the chameleon velvety chaparral, and the wild throe-built water-quarried rock-gorges with their myriad ferns and flowers!"

Charles Dudley Warner thus speaks of Raymond Hill: "This noble hill is a study in landscape gardening. It is a mass of brilliant color, and the hospitality of the region generally to foreign growths may be estimated by the trees acclimated on these slopes; they are the pepper, eucalyptus, pine, cypress, sycamore, redwood, olive, date and fan palms, banana, pomegranate, guava, Japanese persimmon, umbrella, maple, elm, locust, English walnut, birchy ailanthus, poplar, willow, and more ornamental shrubs than one can well name."

Hence California produces a Burbank, matures, develops him—to give new trees, fruits and flowers to man, and to enrich literature by his wise suggestions as to the cultivation of the human plant.

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REMARKABLE JUXTAPOSITIONS OF DIFFERING CLIMATIC CONDITIONS CREATE LITERATURE.

I have already asserted that California contains within itself all the elements of topography and all climates. Extremes of both meet in a most startling manner. One may stand in deep snow on the summit of Mt. San Jacinto, at an altitude of 10,805 feet, and look down upon the Colorado desert, with its large areas, hundreds of feet below sea level, and where the snow never falls.

One of the never failing sources of surprise to the transcontinental traveler on the Central Pacific, coming from the East, is the sudden change from the miles and miles of snow sheds, covered with deep snow, the deep Alpine scenery of the High Sierras, lakes, trees, and snow-clad mountains, to the blooming, verdant, flower-embowered homes of Auburn and other towns on the Western or Pacific Slope of the Sierras. How vividly Benjamin F. Taylor has described this, this is but one of many:

From dumb Winter to Spring, in one wonderful hour;

From Nevada's white wing to creation in flower;
December at morning tossing wild in its might,
A June without warning and blown roses at night!

Above us, are snow drifts a hundred years old,
Behind us are placers with their pockets of gold,
And mountains of bullion that would whiten a noon,

That would silver the face of the Harvester's moon.

Around us are vineyards with their jewels and gems,

Living trinkets of wine blushing warm on the stems,

And the leaves all afire
With the purple of Tyre,

Beyond us are oceans of ripple and gold,

Where its bread cast abroad rolls a myriad gold,
Seas of grain and of answer to the prayer of mankind,

And the orange in blossom makes a bride of the wind,

And the almond tree shines like a scripture in bloom,

And the bees are abroad with their blunder and boom,

Never blunder amiss, for there's something to kiss

Where the flowers out of doors can smile in all weather,

And bud, blossom and fruit grace the gardens together,

There away to the South, without fences or bars,

Flocks freckle the plain like the thick of the stars;

Here away to the North, a magnificent wild,
With dimples of canyons, as if Universe smiled.

Ah! Valleys of Vision,
Delectable mountains,
As grand as old Bunyan's
And opals of fountains,
And garnets of landscapes,
And sapphires of skies,
Where through agates of clouds
Shine the diamond eyes.

Here is a climate producing literature, or, at least acting as its stimulating cause. Who would think that so unromantic and unbeautiful a thing as a snow shed could produce literature. Yet in Col. Albert S. Evan's "A la California," is a vivid and striking description of an adventure he had in a snow shed, which, if a well written story may be accounted literature, is worthy the designation.

Quotations might be given by the score, some of them poetically beautiful, descriptive of the marvelous antitheses of climate afforded in a couple of hours travel in California. Even in a small booklet issued by the Mount Lowe Railway Company is a brief rhapsody by Dr. J. H. Barrows on the wonderful jux-

taposition of climatic conditions presented on Mount Lowe. (Between the Gates, S. C. Griggs & Co. 1883.)

"Four varieties of scenery are here combined; the beautiful San Gabriel Valley pastoral, the sublime ocean and pearl-like islands, the Alpine, Swiss, Norwegian and Himalayan effects, the circle of magnificent peaks from San Antonio to San Jacinto. Here we have Italy and Switzerland both together! Snow and orange groves! Icicles and heliotrope! Sleigh riding and rose gardens! Toboggoning and humming birds! Skating and butterflies! Snowy mountains and pearly-faced ocean, hazy islands and Eden's garden, all held in God's hand in the sight of man's eyes at one and the same moment."

Some of the stateliest and most stirring passages in David Starr Jordan's writings are devoted to the representation of California's climatic charms and John Muir, Mary Austin, Bret Harte and a score of others made large literary capital out of the same subject.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE AS A PRODUCER OF OUT DOOR LITERATURE.

The climate of California is pre-eminently an out of door climate. While in the mountain regions a severe and snowy winter is experienced, a large part of the inhabited sections from San Diego to the Oregon line west of the Sierras, has so little winter that out of door life, sports, pleasures, pastimes and occupations can be indulged in all the time. There are those, unfamiliar with California's climate, who assume that because it is warm and congenial in the so-called winter months, it must be fearfully hot

in summer. Nothing can be further from the truth. While some portions are hot, such as the desert and interior valleys, the foothills, the coast valleys, the regions adjacent to the coast are tempered by the sea winds and the fogs, so that generally speaking the summer climate is as delightful as that of the winter. The result is that the inhabitants of California are lured into the open for more days in the year than is possible elsewhere on the American continent. The freedom from enervating heat in summer, and benumbing cold in winter renders the climate stimulating, life-giving, healthful for old and young alike. Boys and girls know little or nothing of indoor games. They are not needed when almost every day is more pleasant and agreeable outside than in. Their pleasures, therefore, are health and vigor producing. The climate makes the people buoyant, volatile, pleasure-loving and free. Every large city has its parks, where tennis, baseball, foot-ball, rowing, riding and other recreations are abundantly provided for. The feeling in the air is, there is no fierce summer, no harsh winter, so "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

This buoyancy, this freedom, is thus incorporated in the very life of the people and naturally is reflected in its literature.

It must be freely admitted, however, that life in the cities in California is very similar to life in cities elsewhere. There are the usual number of theatres, concert halls, vaudeville shows, and nickle-odeums. And they all seem to do a thriving business. Yet, especially on Sundays, Saturday afternoons and holidays, the parks are crowded. All the

sections devoted to games are thronged with eager youngsters and men and women, and vast crowds hear the fine bands that discourse rich music. In the summer the beaches are crowded to the extreme, the mountains receive their large quota, and thousands, even city people, live and sleep largely out of doors.

In the smaller towns, the year around, the out of door life is even more pronounced. Clubs often hold their meetings on tree-sheltered lawns, or in the woods. Lectures, sermons, concerts, are given out of doors. I have spoken many times, for all kinds of religious and intellectual organizations under the "spreading chestnut" or other trees, and the San Francisco Fellowship Circle held regular meetings for awhile in the open air at Golden Gate Park.

In Berkeley an open air Greek theatre was built and presented to the University authorities by William Randolph Hearst, and concerts, lectures, plays, are given there practically every month in the year.

Even on the water, this open air life is more manifest in California than anywhere else in America. In San Francisco, and many other bays, in the inland waters, and wherever conditions are favorable, house-boat life is common. These boats are quite a feature in the bay region near San Francisco.

Scores of them may be seen—little floating homes—where families live during a large part of the year, moving to and fro, as the spirit urges, or the whim seizes.

Here, in such a favoring climate, women, frail and delicate, may recuperate and maintain their health with garden-

ing almost every day in the year. Compare this with the short period that such occupations are possible in the frozen North, the East and the Middle States, and while, in the South, there are more opportunities than in these less favored regions, the heat and moisture of the summer months prevent the long continued exercise of this agreeable occupation as is possible in California.

As a result of this kindly disposition on the part of California's climate, we have a right to expect a large crop of nature loving writers. And the student will not be disappointed. California has produced in her fifty years of history, as many and as good nature-writers as all of the rest of the English-writing world in its history of a thousand years. A great statement, and pregnant, not with boasting, but with truth. The great nature writers of the English tongue are not too many to defy enumeration. Few names stand out as of first magnitude. Dear old Jack Walton, equally dear Gilbert White of Selborne, and Kipling of later day are the chief English stars, with Thoreau, John Burroughs and Ernest Thompson Seton in the United States. Now compare with these John Muir, Clarence King, Mary Austin, the Van Dykes, T. S. and T. C., Adelaide Knapp, Olive Thorne Miller, Sharlot Hall, Phillip V. Mighels, Charles Keeler, Belle Sumner Angier, Kirkham, David Starr Jordan. The names and works may not be as well known throughout the world as others I have mentioned, but in keen and true observation of nature, scientific deduction, literary quality of expression, quaint humor, and human interest, they do not suffer by the most critical comparison.

And there is yet another name that should not be forgotten, that of W. C. Bartlett, one of the earliest editors of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, and whose article "A Breeze from the Woods" held the place of honor in the first issue of Bret Harte's *Overland Monthly*. His small volume printed privately is known to comparatively few, yet it is full of rich gems of thought, exquisitely expressed and with a quaint humor and delicate essence all its own that will ultimately gain for it the place of a classic—not only among Californians, but in the whole of the English-speaking world.

THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA INDUCES TO DIRECT DESCRIPTION.

By this I mean that there is a peculiar incitement to describe the effects produced by the distinctively California climate. While sunshine is sunshine everywhere, and rain is rain, fog is fog, and snow is snow, there need be no argument to prove that California sunshine is often, not always, but generally different in quality from that found elsewhere in the country. The sky, too, is bluer, the atmosphere purer and clearer, the color effects on mountains, valleys, plains, foot hills, sandy beach, ocean, forest, orchards, vineyards, etc., more vivid and striking. The peculiar and immensely varied topography of California, and the remarkable juxtaposition of its widely divergent elements produce effects seldom seen elsewhere, and these and a host of other characteristically California effects, have called forth descriptions, many of which must be denominated literature of a high type. Among these should be noted many of the descriptions of Bret Harte, Helen Hunt Jackson,

Gertrude Atherton, Geraldine Bonner, Jack London, Frank Norris, Margaret Collier Graham, Flora Haines Longhead, Ellis Ryan, and others who are novelists, and yet whose word pictures of actual California scenes are pure literature. Pick up any one of Bret Harte's novels—as I have just done—and a few glances will reveal these literary gems. Here is part of the opening chapter of "In the Carquinez Woods": "The sun was going down on the Carquinez woods. The few shafts of sunlight that had pierced their pillared gloom were lost in unfathomable depths or splintered their ineffectual lances on the enormous trunks of the redwoods. For a time the dull red of their vast columns, and the dull red of the cast-off bark which matted the echoless aisles still seemed to hold a faint glow of the dying day. But even this soon passed. Light and color fled upwards. The dark interlaced tree tops that had all day made an impenetrable shade, broke into fire here and there, their lost spires glittered, faded, and went out. A weird twilight that did not come from an outer world but seemed born of the wood itself, slowly filled and possessed the aisles. The straight tall colossal trunks rose dimly like columns of upward smoke. The few fallen trees stretched their huge length into obscurity and seemed to lie on shadowy trestles. The strange breath that filled those mysterious vaults had neither coldness nor moisture; a dry fragrant dust arose from the noiseless foot that trod their bark strewn floor; the aisles might have been tombs; the fallen trees, enormous mummies; the silence, the solitude of the forgotten past."

Now who that has ever been in the

dense forests of virgin redwoods cannot feel the power of this description. It is startlingly true, yet poetically searching, and expressed with a richness and perfection of language that fairly delights the senses as one reads it. And Bret Harte has scores of passages of equal truth and beauty.

Ramona contains a score, such as, for instance, Mrs. Jackson's vivid description of the mustard through which Padre Salvatierra passed on his way from San Buenaventura to Camulos, or the Canyon scene, where Ramona sleeps and Alessandro watches. Madge Morris' poem to "The Colorado Desert" is a classic, and will never be forgotten, for it is born of close and intimate familiarity with the desert, therefore absolutely true and expressed with grace, felicity and power:

Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphinx of nature, cactus crowned, what
hast thou done?

Unclothed and mute as when the groans of
chaos found

Thy naked, burning bosom to the sun,
The mountain silences have speech, the
rivers sing,

Thou answerest never unto anything,
Pink throated lizards pant in thy stern shade,
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;

The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Steals to some brackish spring and laps, and
prowls

Away, and howls, and howls, and howls,
and howls,

Until the solitude is shaken with an added
loneliness.

Thy sharp mesquit shoots up a giant stalk,
Its centuries of yearning, to the sunburst skies,
And drips rare honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers and dies.

Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet
and hands,
And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering
sands,

Mark here and there a gruesome, graveless spot,
Where someone drank thy scorching hotness
and is not;

God must have made thee in his anger and
forgot.

Charles Warren Stoddard in his "For the Pleasure of His Company," gives a vivid description of a rose bower that could scarcely have been written anywhere else:

IN A ROSE GARDEN.

"Saadi had no hand in it, yet all Persia could not outdo it. The whole valley ran to roses. They covered the earth; they fell from lofty trellises in fragrant cataracts; they played over rustic arbors like fountains of color and perfume, they clambered to the cottage roof and scattered their bright petals in showers upon the grass. They were of every tint and texture; of high and low degree, modest or haughty, as the case might be, but roses all of them, and such roses as California alone can boast, and some were fat, or passé, and more's the pity, but all were fragrant, and the name of that sweet vale was Santa Rosa."

Read in "The Octopus" by Frank Norris his marvelous word pictures of the great grain fields, and, in some of those inspirational descriptions, one who reads deeper than mere words can comprehend how men's souls are fired, their mentality quickened, their ambitions awakened by the very land and the scenes it presents.

John C. Van Dyke comes from the staid civilization of the East, and is compelled into writing a book, "The Desert," that is a prose poem from cover to cover. Only in such a land, affording such an inspiration, could such a book have been written.

Ina Coolbrith, California's earliest, as well as her sweetest, songster, reveals this unconscious inspiration again and again, never more sweetly, purely and perfectly than in "Meadow Larks" and "In Blossom Time."

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am,
Listen to the meadow larks, across the fields
that sing!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow,
O rapture of the spring!

* * * * *

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mate-
ling pipe and call,

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss,
For life is love, the world is love, and love is
over all!

Bayard Taylor, in his "Manuela," gives a most vivid picture of the Santa Clara Valley, and Whittier in his "Pass of the Sierras," Fremont's campaign song, reveals an intimate (if not personal) knowledge of California's climatic attractions and charms.

Climatic conditions are used to typify mental conditions.

Ever since the mind of man began to take cognizance of itself and the conditions external to itself, it saw analogies between the two. A fog, with its shutting in of landscape and blotting out all clear features, typified the mental state of a man by whom nothing was clearly perceived. The darkness of night suddenly illuminated by the flash of lightning gave a comparison to describe the mind of a man whose mental gloom was unexpectedly lightened by a flash of knowledge or intuition. Our language is full of words that were born of this typification. And so is our literature full of descriptions born of a climatic

condition which widely suggests the mental condition of the hero or heroine of the story or novel.

In its complex and diverse nature manifestations, the author of keen perceptions and acute susceptibilities is singularly blessed in California, for, as I have before shown, there is an infinitude of objects and conditions, all of which lend themselves for purposes of illustration of such correspondence.

Who, that has seen a great sandstorm coming in the far away distance over the sandy wastes of the desert, can fail to apprehend what a marvelous illustration it affords of the coming of sudden and completely overwhelming disaster.

Here are a few of such correspondences from some of our California writers.

FEBRUARY.

Newly wedded and happy, quite
Careless alike of wind and weather,
Two wee birds from a merry flight,
Swing in the tree top, sing together,
Love to them in the wintry hour,
Summer and sunshine, bud and flower.
So beloved, when skies are sad,
Love can render their sombre golden;
A thought of thee, and the day is glad
As a rose in the dewy dawn unfolden.
And away, away on passionate wings,
My heart, like a bird, at thy window sings.
—Ina Coolbrith.

Here the heart is likened to a passionate singing bird at the window of its beloved. Edwin Markham uses the bird as a symbol of the heart in the same fashion in his "Joy of the Hills," which opens with that ringing couplet:

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life I am satisfied,

The four last lines are:

I swing as one in a dream, I swing,
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!

12 INFLUENCE OF CALIFORNIA CLIMATE UPON LITERATURE.

The world is gone like an empty word;
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a
bird.

Sharlot M. Hall, in several of her poems, uses this nature symbolism with powerful and masterly effect. Here is a true western writer, full of the western spirit, dealing with western subjects in a typical western way. Vide her "The Colorado River," which appeared in "The Land of Sunshine," April, 1901. It describes this strange river in flood time.

Long, silent leagues of ever shifting sand,
White, hot and shimmering to the distant hills
Where wheeling slow the whirlwind dips and
fills,

Or beckons like some shadowy, giant hand;
Gray wisps of greasewood and mesquite that
stand

In withered patches, like an old man's beard,
Ragged and frizzled, nearer dark and weird,
The river slips along the cringing land,
Swift to possess and loth to give again;
Foam-ribbed and sullen, staggering with the
weight,

Of forests spoiled, he takes his price in full;
Stern toll for every drop to land and men—
In witness there—poor pawn of love, or hate!—
Caught in a drift, a grinning human skull.

The peculiar seasons of California—the rainy and dry seasons—have often called forth poetic and literary expression in what seemed to those who have experienced them, a most remarkable manner.

For instance in some seasons the summer drought or dry season is long prolonged. The fields are hard and baked, it is impossible to plough for winter grain, the roads are dusty and disagreeable, the sewers of the cities need to be flushed, the streets, though swept, still have that dirty look that only a good rain can remove, the grass and alfalfa

are scorched to a brown, the trees are all suffering for want of nourishing water, even irrigation can not wash from them the summer's dust and the weary look of long scorching by the fierce California sun, even the sky looks dusty and wan with care, the corners of the pavements hold little hoards of summer trash, the houses and stores are dusty and cobwebbed and men and women feel the long, dry monotonous tension and the need of a change from the sameness of the sunshine, and more particularly the need of the vivifying power of the rain. There has been no rain practically for seven or eight months. The resident in the middle west, the east, the north, or the south, knows nothing of such a state of nature, hence cannot understand the ready, keen response Californians gave to such a poem as the following published in a selection of early day poems made by Bret Harte and written by one of our poets still living, Annie A. Fitzgerald (S.A.R.).

The verses were written in imitation of the poem, "Waiting for the May," and, on account of climatic conditions, struck a popular chord at once. It first appeared in the "Golden Era," was later embodied in "Outcroppings," the first collection of California verse, and won kind words of encouragement from the venerable William Cullen Bryant. It found place in "Poetry of the Pacific," was later set to music, is found in "Chaplet of Verse," and has been periodically re-copied with the recurrence of dry seasons.

WAITING FOR THE RAIN.

Oh! the Earth is weary waiting,
Waiting for the rain,—

Waiting for the freshening showers,
Wakening all her slumbering powers,
With their dewy moisture sating

Thirsty hill and plain,—
O, the Earth is weary waiting,
Waiting for the rain.

O, the Earth is weary longing,
Longing for the rain,—
Longing for the cloud-wrapt mountains,—
Longing for the leaping fountains,
With their clamorous murmurs thronging

To the silent plain—
O, the Earth is weary longing,
Longing for the rain.

O, the Earth is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the rain,—
Pained to see the valley fading
Pained to see the frost's red braiding,
And the withering north wind's sobbing
O'er her fields of grain,—

O, the Earth is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the rain.

O, the Earth is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the rain,—
Sighing for the green grass springing,
And the fragrant wild flowers bringing
Beauty—ere the clover dying

Sear the wintry plain,—
O, the Earth is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the rain.

Sore with restlessness and throbbing,
Throbbing for the rain,—
While along the upturned furrow,
Busy rooks and blackbirds burrow,
From her wide-spread gardens robbing
Wealth of scattered grain,—

O, the Earth is very weary,
Waiting for the rain.

Waiting restlessly yet weary,
Waiting for the rain,—
For the crystal tear-drops clinging
To the wild oats fresh upspringing,
And the voices blending cheery
With the bird's glad strain,—
O, the Earth is sad and weary,
Waiting for the rain.

And our human hearts grow weary,
Throbbing day by day,—
Thirsting for the freshening showers

O'er the dreams of future hours,
While the present, never sating,
Glides unfelt away,—

Oh! the heart is weary, weary,
Through its life-long day.

In his "Autumn Morning," Lorenzo
Sosso sings:

Peace was within me and around,
Through earth's distillment;
As if my soul at last had found
Divine fulfillment.

The trees above me had embraced,
In pure caressing;
Their passion did not seem unchaste,
But rich with blessing.

In his "Sunset" he opens with symbols well understood by a Californian:

My soul springs upward from its earthly pall,
And like a singing skylark seems to rise;
Is thine this blessing of my spirits thrall,
O sunset! glorifying all the skies,
Whose clouds like flakes of crimson seem to fall,
Then roll upon each other billow-wise?

There is no stream
That from some mountain nurtured lake
doth come

To glow before me murmuring with its gleam;
But gazing at that sight I drink therefrom
The rapture of some poet's glorious dream.

Slowly sinks the sun,
The mighty maze of all those realms on high;
No longer do my eyes his glory shun.

I hear night trail her silken vestments by,
Some stars as messengers before her run.

Are these the symbols of mortality?
Is such a glory but a beauteous dream?
And everything most beautiful we see,
A sunset passed away, which nothing can
redeem?

O vastness which surrounds us! What are we,
Who wail upon the margin of the stream?

O men could be archangels if they would!
Since as illimitable as yonder space,
Is the vast scope our spirit hath for good;
And God Himself abides in every place,
Then let all men be one in Brotherhood,
Whatever their diversity of race.

Grace Ellery Channing Stetson in her "Thoughts of the Poppy Fields" gives voice to this symbolism:

I know how just this morning light will trace
Each golden face;
And how this self same beam strike boldly up
Each glittering cup!
And how this breeze lift the wide quivering sea
Up bodily,
And then in golden waves on the broad plain
Let fall again!
The mountains will be palest amethyst,
Through a purple mist.
The valley will be blossoming white and pink,
More than I think!
Almonds and peaches will have decked their
hair
With garlands rare;
And birds will be on every blossomed bough,
Caroling now;
Now will the lark his dropping music fling,
In listening!
Heaven will stretch down two tender arms,
and earth
Laugh low for mirth!
And where there was desire will be peace,
And then increase
The summer long of heaven upon earth
And new heaven's birth,
And songful silences and silent song
The summer long!
But just to-day all that joy will be holden
In poppies golden,
It will be brimming o'er their cups aglow
In a way I know,
And shining up the mountain goldenly
In mists,—Ah me!
I've seen it,—and I shall not see for years!
These are the mists, not tears!

Few people are aware that the author of that exquisite poem "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," Annie Herbert, lived in the San Francisco Bay region; where she often saw the very conditions that suggested the poem:

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,

We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

California's literature has been enriched by stories of fact and fiction that were based upon California's peculiar climatic conditions.

Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," serve to illustrate the statement. The Luck and Kentuck were carried away and drowned by one of the torrential floods that are not unfrequent in the high Sierras, and the Outcasts were caught in one of the early storms as they attempted to cross the range from the virtuous Poker Flat that had expelled them to the Camp of Sandy Bar, where they might hope to be received. With what masterly and craftsmanlike ability does Harte handle the coming of the storm, and its final obliteration of all signs of outcasts and innocents as together they lay under the freshly fallen white pall, which became their winding sheet.

The story of the Donner Lake party could not have been written anywhere but in California, and equally so, it was the close proximity of the desert to the fertile portion of California that created the hope of escaping the awful situation geographically described by the various writers on the Death Valley disasters and horrors.

So, too, with Idah Meacham Stowbridge's vivid and interesting stories of the sage brush lands in her "In Mirage Land," and "The Loom of the Desert."

In no other climate save California could John Muir have ascended to the high region in the Sierras where he

climbed a tree to enjoy the effect of seeing and feeling the power of a great storm, and his description of his experience is a quickening impulse in literature.

These are but a few of the many references that might be presented as further illustrations, Jack London's, Helen Hunt Jackson's, Clarence King's, and scores of other works affording rich mines for the discovery of this kind of literary gold.

In a more humble way climate affects the literature of realism and fiction by giving realistic conditions which preserve the unities. All readers are familiar with this principle in literature as applied, for instance, by Dickens in "Great Expectations," where the escaped prisoner meets Pip in the marshes.

Bret Harte's "Cicely" depends upon the climatic conditions of the country described for its grip upon human interest. Who cannot see that wretched little shack of a railway station, surrounded by alkali, rock and sage and then imagine the feelings of the expectant mother, and the nearest woman seventeen miles away. Her plight is readily comprehended, and also her husband's despair:

"I've had some mighty mean moments afore
I kem to this spot,—
Lost on the plains in '50, drowned almost and
shot;
But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy
wife,
Was ra'ly as onsatisfactory as anything in my
life."

And then the satisfactory denouement.

After the distracted husband has caught sight of the star "big and yaller and dancing," that seemed to beckon to him and make him think "of that star in the Bible," and he went for it then and thar."

"Over the brush and boulders I stumbled and
pushed ahead:

Keeping the star afore me, I went wherever it
led,
It might hev been fer an hour, when suddent
and peart and nigh,
Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's
cry."

But this does not prepare for the humorous trip to the end of the "tale."

"And, old fellow, when you speak of the star,
don't tell
As how 'twas the doctor's lantern, for maybe
'twon't sound so well."

In his "Concepcion de Arguello," Harte, by a few lines devoted to climate, expresses more forcefully than perhaps could have been expressed in any other way, the long, weary waiting of Concepcion for her recreant Russian lover:

Day by day on wall and bastion heat the hol-
low empty breeze,—

Day by day the sunlight glittered on the va-
cant smiling seas;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their
dusty leather cloaks,

Week by week the far hills darkened from the
fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came and far breaking on the
fierce south-wester tost,

Dashed the whole long coast with color and
then vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted wet and warm
and drear and dry,

Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year
of dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message, brought
no tidings ill, or meet,

For the statesmanlike commander, for the
daughter fair and sweet,

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless
to all ears beside;

"He will come," the flowers whispered.
"Come no more," the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by
the morning breeze,

Still she lost him with the folding of the great
white tented seas."

In the last stanza of her most powerful and vivid poem on San Francisco after the sad earthquake and fire of April, 1906, Ina Coolbrith says:

"But I.....will see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold,
Lost city of my love and my desire."

Who cannot appreciate the sun symbol used by Herman Scheffauer in his "Mary of Milrone," when he wrote the following stanza:

"Red as my rage, the huge sun sank,
My foe bent low on the river' bank,
And deep of the kindly flood he drank,
While the giant stars broke forth."

In her "Two Pictures," Miss Coolbrith tells vividly and tersely of climatic conditions often existent at the Golden Gate. Part of the picture of "Morning" is drawn as follows:

"And far beyond the Gate
The massed vapors wait,
White as the walls that ring
The city of the King."

Who that has seen the sun shining on the white mass of fog noiseless, motionless, as if stealthily waiting, outside the Golden Gate, does not realize the symbol:

"This is the holy calm;
The heavens dropping balm;
The love made manifest,
And near the perfect rest."

But when evening comes how the picture changes:

"The day grows wan and cold,
In through the Gate of Gold,
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide."

And equally, one comprehends who

has seen the hills, the trees, the sky, the tall buildings, everything near and far, blotted out by these ghostly vapors, the poetic symbol:

"This is the utter blight;
The sorrow infinite
Of earth; the closing wave,
The parting, and the grave."

In "The Pioneer," Geraldine Bonner uses a hidden spring to lure the Colonel away so that she might plead with him to allow her mother to stay on his property until her short life expired, and the description is as true to California type as it is exquisite and beautiful.

And so one might cull scores, hundreds of such examples from authors of different temperaments, but all alike influenced by the striking and arresting feature of California's climate and scenery affected by climatic conditions.

CALIFORNIA CLIMATE INFLUENCES THE PLEASURES OF ITS PEOPLE AND THUS THEIR LITERATURE.

The climatic conditions of Greece favored peculiar sports and pastimes and these became subjects for Greece's literature. So in California. Owing to the practical certainty of the seasons, and that there is little or no winter (in many sections of the State), yachting, boating, swimming and other aquatic sports, riding, driving, coaching, and automobil- ing, golfing, tennis and other out door sports are participated in more in the year in California than any where else on the Continent.

Think of the marvelous variety this great State offers to its sons and daughters for their holidays. Forests where towering sequoias point the mind and soul to the highest. Five score or more

of mountain peaks, over ten thousand feet high, that test muscles, lungs and heart, in the great endeavor to scale them; trackless sandy deserts, where fierce heat ranges, or cold blasts blow, and where only the beloved of God can happily and safely tread; sea shores strewn with amber sands and wave-washed pebbles, where countless thousands may rest and play; kindly and alluring salt surf, where the nations of the earth may bathe, caressed all over with purest and healthiest of waters; semi-tropic islands, where spice-laden winds fan the cheek of the loiterer; countless acres of fishing grounds, where deep sea fish, great monster June fish, gamey black bass and scores of others of the finny tribe tempt the disciples of quaint old Isaac Walton; scores of rock-walled canyons, bathed in solitude and mystery, calling to man's inmost soul to come and penetrate them—these and other allurements are the natural environment for the dwellers in this State of gold and enchantment.

Hence we have writers like T. S. Van Dyke, whose "Rifle, Rod and Gun in California," is a standard work on the sports discussed; while several other books of his of equal literary merit and interest, present similar themes. Another writer on out door sports is Dr. Charles F. Holden, who has a long list of striking books to his credit, among which are "Big Game at Sea," "The Song of a Sea Angler," "Life in the Open," the latter of which has the sub-title "Sport with Rod, Gun, Horse and Hound in Southern California." These books deal in the main with sport possibilities afforded by the placid Pacific and the genial kindness of California's climate.

The cosmopolitan character of our population combine with the marvelous variety of our climatic conditions to render more picturesque, interesting, and varied the sports and pleasures of our people, all of which find reflection in the pages of our literature. Here are aborigines playing their games of peon, hoop and pole and running their gallo races; the Spaniards and Mexicans at their fiestas have their native dances, caballero feats of "lancing the ring," "picking up the handkerchief," their bronco busting and barbecues; the Anglo-Saxon plays golf, cricket and polo, the American base ball, tennis and football; the aquatic sports are joined in by all nationalities. At the same time, during the winter months, ignoring the summer games of the valleys beneath, the native aborigines, aided by the Norwegians and Americans, who live in the mountains, spend happy hours in ice palaces, in toboggoning, ice skating, sleigh riding, snow balling, snow-shoeing, creating snow men, and all the sports of winter.

Many descriptions have been written by authors of diverse birthplaces, all exuberantly enthusiastic, over the Blossom Festival of Saratoga in the Santa Clara Valley, where millions of trees, all in bloom at the same time, may be seen from the elevated hillsides. For twenty years the Pasadena Tournament of Roses has called forth similar literary endeavors, and the Flower Carnival at Santa Barbara, the Orange Festival at Riverside, the Rose Carnival at Santa Rosa, as well as the midwinter water fêtes at Santa Cruz, San Diego, Venice, and other seaside resorts, all contribute their quota to inspire writing worthy of pres-

ervation as true literature. A reviewer in the New York Times in criticising "Through Ramona's Country," after speaking laudatory words, concludes: "The book is fluently written, and is highly flavored with that ecstatic adoration of Southern California" (he might well have said the whole of California) "with which residents of that region are prone to overwork the adjectives of their native tongue and the patience of their readers."

Certainly! one respects such criticism. How can it be otherwise? One who does not know naturally feels that the one who does know, is too enthusiastic, too exuberant. But as I have elsewhere written, in other discussions on California literature, the true Californian is not averse to exuberant enthusiasm in spite of the fixed, crystallized, cold-blooded standard of the less climatically-favored regions of earth.

Now, what did I say to provoke this genial reviewer? Simply this. In describing the New Year's Day Trip I have made for several years from the flower-embowered house which shelters me and gives me home, up Mount Lowe into the deep snow, back to the Tournament of Roses, and then on through acres and acres, and past miles and miles of gardens, with flowers in full bloom, to the Pacific Ocean, where the day's experience concluded with an enjoyable and refreshing swim. I stated the plain unvarnished facts. It does sound "ecstatic" to put into cool words and cold type the warm blooded enthusiasm that such an experience arouses. Yet it would seem that no human being could take such a trip with eyes to see, ears to hear, senses to feel, brains to ap-

preciate, and power to express, without becoming exuberant and enthusiastic in the use of such words as alone would truthfully and adequately portray all that was seen, heard, felt and enjoyed.

CALIFORNIA CLIMATE HAS INFLUENCED ITS ARCHITECTURE.

Even as far back as aboriginal days the primitive homes of the Indians were different from those of other people who lived in a less favored clime. And when the Franciscan Fathers built the Missions, they laid the foundations for the only indigenous architecture the United States has yet developed—the so called Mission style. The result is that Charles Keeler, Charles F. Lummis, Helen Hunt Jackson, Joaquin Miller, Father Zephyrin, George Wharton James, C. F. Carter, Hudson, Clinch, and many others have enriched our literature with graphic writings upon this theme.

Here is a brief extract from "For the Soul of Rafael," by Marah Ellis Ryan.

"The American cast his eyes northward where the heights of San Jacinto stood guard over the beautiful valley. Willows marked the course of Trabuco Creek and San Juan River, and on the Plateau between them gleamed the ruined dome of the old Mission, a remnant of beauty such as the ranging American meets with in Latin lands, seldom in his own, and admires and wonders if it was worth while, and drifts away again, but never quite forgets.

Yellow-white it gleamed, like an opal in a setting of velvety ranges under the turquoise skies. About its walls were the clustered adobes of the Mexicans,

like children creeping close to the feet of the one mother; and beyond that the illimitable ranges of mesa and valley, of live oak groves and knee deep meadows, of countless springs and canyons of mystery whence gold was washed in the freshets, and over all, eloquent, insistent, appealing the note of the meadow lark, cutting clearly through the hoof beats of the herd and the calls of the vaqueros."

As far back as a century ago, Russian, French, English, and other travelers described the harmonious adaptability of the Mission structures to the California climate, and in some of these early accounts the writers rose to the importance of the subject and created pages worthy to be ranked as literature.

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE AFFECTS ITS INDUSTRIES AND THUS ITS LITERATURE.

It needs but little observation to demonstrate the truth of the proposition that the literature of a region is affected by climatic influence upon the region's industries. Oranges, hops, lemons, almonds, palms, dates, etc., do not grow in Arctic regions, neither are icebergs, glaciers, auroras, midnight suns, polar bears and fur seals found in tropical regions. The literature of the frozen north must deal with its own, and where industries exist as the consequence of specific and local climatic conditions, the literature of that locality will naturally bear the impresses of those climatic conditions.

Hence in California there is an ever growing literature about the industries that, while not confined to California, have become distinctively a part of California. Take, for instance, the orange

industry; oranges can grow only where the climate is conducive to their full ripening. In many parts of California this is accomplished to perfection. In the year 1908, about thirty thousand car loads of oranges and lemons were shipped from California, and no estimate is made of the millions of oranges eaten by the inhabitants of the State. Scores of exquisite descriptions in prose and verse could be quoted showing the influence of this industry upon our literature. Let the following suffice: Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Our Italy," says: "Nature here in this protected and petted area, has the knack of being genial without being enervating, of being stimulating without 'bracing' a person into the tomb. I think it conducive to equanimity of spirit and to longevity, to sit in an orange grove and eat the fruit and inhale the fragrance of it while gazing upon a snow mountain."

Here is one short stanza from Joaquin Miller's "Sunset and Dawn in San Diego:"

"Aye! ever from the first I knew,
And marked its flavor, freshness, hue,
The gold of sunset and the gold
Of morn in each rich orange rolled."

James G. Clark in his "Dawn on Mount Lowe," introduces the orange and its evergreen leaf into one stanza:

Oh! that vision of the sunlands,
Where the skies are ever fair,
And the Autumn wooes the winter
With young rose buds in her hair—
Where the orange blooms forever,
And its leaf is never sear,
And the mocking bird is singing
To her mate the live-long year."

And what could be more quaintly humorous than this from "Between the Gates," by Benj. F. Taylor?

"My idea of an orange grove was of an orchard where the trees, laden with golden fruit, sprang up from a smooth green turf 'of broken emerald' that invited you to sit down on the dapple of a shadow every few minutes and be happy; of trees with a tropic brightness, of foliage that would dispose me to listen to such fowls as the hulbul, and sing gay little canzonets in two parts. Now an apple orchard is a cheerful place; it is spangled with clover; its fruit is of all colors but indigo; it has robins and sparrows; its sturdy arms extend over you in a sort of pomonic benediction, and invite you to perch in the seek-no-further, or as we called it, the signifier, but what signifies?—or the Pound Sweeting.

Nothing of all this belongs to an orange grove. The trees are tall, straight, symmetrical, not friendly in their way, but a little stately as if they should say: 'Behold, we are oranges!' and not much more shadow about their roots than a Lombardy poplar. There is no individuality. Every tree resembles every other tree. The earth is bare and tilled like a garden when you feel like reposing in a well weeded onion bed; you can take lodging in an orange grove. Driving through the splendid lines of trees numbering up to tens of thousands the whole year hung upon a single one from the delicate white blossom that graces the bridal veil to the baby fruit, small as a walnut, to the tint of yellow struggling through the green; to the untarnished gold of the rounded and ripened fruit; the air, like a swinging censer, heavy with fragrance and filled with the hum of bees; the lighter leafed regiments of lemons, with their bright gilt

orreries of fruit; the lime hedges, dotted with diamond editions of the full grown mothers of lemonade; the cactus fences, all alive, slowly climbing over themselves in diagonals, of serried pincushions, the bananas bursting into barbaric luxuriance; the earth terraced off for the water to flow in and this moment coursing along the checker work of channels, and shining in the sun; the feathery plumage of the pepper tree, touched up with spangles and bugles of brilliant crimson and red; the fan palms slowly lifting and towering their great hands in perpetual salute,—all these scenes, lovely as anything in the vale of Cashmere, seem to rebuke your dear rugged home at the eastward of Eden, and you grow grave when you meant to be gay, and are not quite sure a Rhode Island Greening and a doughnut with an orthodox twist, are not better than oranges, bananas, and June all the year long. *

* * The orange is the true pomum aurantium of California, the 'apples of gold' of the old scriptures."

Helen Hunt Jackson, Venetta Eames, Ben. C. Truman, Charles F. Lummis, and others, have written with interest and precision of other industries, peculiar to California (though not confined there), and though Charles Dudley Warner in 1891 wrote in "Our Italy," the date and pineapple and the banana will never grow well in California except as illustrations of climate, I wrote in "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," in 1906, a chapter of fourteen pages in which is the following: "Only the other day, I had the pleasure of seeing bunches of dates, which, in the fall of the year, will no doubt weigh two hundred or more pounds, and be as ripe

and delicious as any that are ordinarily imported. * * * It will be apparent, therefore, that should all the palms of the Colorado desert and of Arizona come into bearing, these regions will soon revolutionize the trade in dates in the United States, as the west has already done that in oranges, lemons, prunes, walnuts, etc. * * * Altogether the subject is a most interesting one, and I confidently expect that a couple of decades from now will see the major portion of the ten million pounds of dates used annually in the United States, growing in the highly favored localities of the Colorado desert, or similar places in the sister region of Arizona."

IRRIGATION, TOO, DEPENDENT UPON
THE CLIMATIC CONDITIONS HAVE
BEEN THE STIMULATING CAUSE
OF MUCH LITERATURE.

In olden days, kings and emperors changed the face of empires by the exercise of illimitable power embodied in countless slaves. In California, free and intelligent effort, controlling the forces of nature by irrigation changes the areas of deserts and valleys, each of which is large as an old time king's empire. How the mind and soul of man thrill at these marvelous conquests over nature. A generation ago the San Joaquin Valley was a sandy plain, rich after the rains with the wild riot of color of its innumerable flowers. Now it is one vast vineyard and grain field, dotted here and there with towns and cities, wherein all the culture of the ages is housed. Two or more generations ago, the same might practically have been said of the Napa Valley, Santa Clara

Valley, and a triad score of such valleys, which to-day are the scenes of happy homes of thousands of prosperous people, whose labor, aided by directed water and the blessed free sunlight and air has achieved the marvelous change.

Less than a decade ago the Imperial Valley, Yuma Valley, the Palo Verde Valley and Coachella Valley, all on the Colorado River, or in the confines of that Sahara of America, the Colorado Desert, were sandy wastes that men would not have had as a gift. To-day they are blooming as the rose, fertile in the extreme and sending forth thousands of tons of melons, cantelopes, sweet potatoes, Bermuda onions, small fruits, figs, grape-fruits, oranges and dates, and growing alfalfa, from which eight crops a year are cut for the feeding of herds of profitable stock.

Who is there whose soul is not stirred by such heroic achievements?

Not a few writers of power have been carried away by these tremendous changes and have written "epics of peace," that depict human achievements that ultimately will be regarded as of greater service to mankind than all the wars of all the conquerors. Among others of these writers might be named David Starr Jordan, C. F. Lummis, Maxwell, W. E. Smythe, Frank Norris, Frank Lewis Nason, F. S. Van Dyke.

In his introduction to "The Conquest of Arid America," W. E. Smythe forcefully writes: "A new era is dawning on the western half of the continent. The rough edges of pioneer life have worn off and speculation is giving place to sober industry. The national irrigational policy lends an element of cer-

tainty, of stability, which was sadly lacking in the past. When Uncle Sam puts his hand to a task, we know it will be done. Not even the hysteria of hard times can frighten him away from the work. When he waves his hand towards the desert and says: 'Let there be water!' we know that the stream will obey his command. We know more than that—know when the water will come, how much land will be reclaimed, how many homes will be builded. We can even calculate with precision how many towns will spring up and where they will be, and the railroad actually can figure out the traffic of the future."

In one of his chapters, W. E. Smythe thus writes of the development of the orange growing settlement of Riverside through irrigation, as truly a touch of pure literature as one can find in any romance:

"With the rare intuition which Eastern men have frequently displayed in going to the West, the new comers selected a location which seemed quite preposterous to the natives of the country. Planning the most ideal development which had thus far been attempted, they deliberately bought lands which had formerly been assessed at a calculation of seventy-five cents an acre. These lands then constituted a sheep pasture of inferior sort. They were similar to the stretch of desert which the transcontinental traveler sees in passing through Arizona. After the winter rains they bore a short-lived crop of wild flowers, but during most of the year they offered nothing more attractive than sage brush and mesquite. The Mexican who owned them had not sufficient imagination to perceive how the new proprietors could

realize a profit upon the modest sum of two dollars and a half an acre, for which he gladly sold them. But Judge North and his friends had two well defined ideas in their brains. One was irrigation; the other oranges. To the natives the first seemed impracticable, because of the expense; and the other ridiculous, because no one had ever raised oranges there upon a commercial scale."

That was in 1871.

In 1891, just twenty years later, Charles Dudley Warner wrote of orange-land in Riverside:

"Good orange land unimproved, but with water, is worth from \$300 to \$500 an acre. If we add to this price the cost of budded trees, the care of them for four years, the cost of a good grove will be about \$1000 an acre. It must be understood that the profit of an orange grove depends upon care, skill, and business ability. The kind of orange grove with reference to the demand, the judgment about more or less irrigation as affecting the quality, the cultivation of the soil, and the arrangements for marketing, are all elements in the problem. There are young groves at Riverside, five years old, that are paying ten per cent. net upon from \$3000 to \$5000 an acre; while there are older groves which at the prices for fruit in the spring of 1890 * * * paid at the rate of ten per cent. net on \$7500 per acre."

But lest it be deemed that these quotations are not strictly literature, let me give one more from "The Vision of Elijah Beryl," F. L. Nason. This is a novel of irrigation, telling how the bringing in of water changes a desert to a fertile region. Chapter three opens

with a picture of a boom:

"Ysleta was booming and was being boomed. Avenues of graded sand, cleared of their desert growth, stretched in prim right angles far out into the horizon. White posts, with staring black numerals, heralded city lots and bounded patches of cactus and chapparal, which were thus protected from further molestation, and gave asylum to gophers and prairie dogs, who had not lost their wits in the booming hubbub, for the sole reason that nature had given them none to lose. Straining teams dragged great plows that tore through matted roots and turned furrows which slid back behind the parting shares. Other sweating horses pulled scrapers of sand from dusty hummocks, plumped their loads into dustier hollows. Rows of bedraggled palms trailed out behind gangs of burrowing men or gathered in quincunx clumps where a glaring sign board proclaimed a city park. Thumping hammers and clinking trowels were raising uncouth buildings around the central plaza, adding other grotesque monstrosities to those which already attained perfection in every detail that rebelled against the sense of beauty. Throngs of men and women trailed ankle deep through the new turned sand and broke up into knots of animated discussion or paused before a map of Ysleta to listen

to a perspiring real estate agent, repeating with tireless enthusiasm 'the beauties of eternal sunshine in a land where burning heat and blasting cold never entered; a land where perennial spring went hand in hand with perennial autumn; where seed time and harvest time trailed side by side; where dividing lines between summer and winter solstice were but meaningless numerals in the cycles of succeeding years; a land that for untold ages had slumbered and waxed fat with accumulated richness, and where the sun had stored its genial warmth against the day when suffering humanity should wake to the knowledge of what California was and hasten to enjoy her stored-up treasures.'

"Blaring trumpets and booming drums accompanied aligned men, gorgeous with purple and gold; beribboned four in hands with varnished carriages trailed along behind, and a brazen-throated herald proclaimed a bounteous repast free to all who would honor his master by partaking."

Thus, in inadequate and incomplete fashion, have I presented a hasty and cursory view of a large subject. That I have fully established the thesis upon which the whole argument is based, and that California literature affords abundant illustration of it, I will leave to my readers to judge.

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